

THE BROAD HIGHWAY

A Tale of 19th Century England, Full of the Thrills of Adventure and Spirit of Romance

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By JEFFERY FARNOL

...the English scholar, de-
 scended upon his uncle, Sir George Vinton,
 and reported only 10 guineas (£10) by the
 name of Maurice "Rock" Vinton, a no-
 name prize-fighter, and that the other
 20,000 pounds (£20,000) were
 hidden in the cellar of the house. Sir
 Richard, however, decided to go down "The Broad
 Highway" to see if he could find the money
 in the cellar.

CHAPTER X—(Continued).

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 "How was that?" I inquired.
 "Why, there's 'The White Hart'
 tavern, an' they brews fine ale at
 'The White Hart,' d' ye see, an' one glass
 o' that'll do ye good."

...at this juncture the door was thrown
 open, and two gentlemen entered.
 The first was a very tall man with black
 hair that curled beneath his hat, and
 a luxuriant growth of whisker
 that left little of his face counte-
 nance exposed. The second was more
 compactly built, with a pale, hairless face,
 and a pair of eyes that were bright
 rather than clear, separated by
 a high, thin nose, with nostrils that
 quivered and quivered when he spoke, a
 mouth whose most potent feature was the
 sharp, coarse red, and with a somewhat
 prominent under lip, yet supported by
 a square, determined chin below a
 somewhat mouth with more than a suspi-
 cion of cruelty lurking in its full curves.

I altered the direction of the blow and thrust it strongly into the very middle of his stomach.

...and the big teeth which gleamed white
 and serrated when he laughed. Indeed,
 the whole aspect of the man filled me
 with an instinctive disgust.

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...servant a dog that he should do this
 thing?"

...CHAPTER XI
 FOLLOWING the high road, I came, in
 a little, to where the ways divided,
 the one leading straight before me, the
 other turning sharp to the left, where
 (as I remember) is a very steep hill.

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...from his manner of trembling all over
 for no conceivable reason, and manifest
 desire to stand upon his hind legs, I con-
 ceived to be a thoroughbred; and, hang-
 ing grimly to the bridle, now in the air,
 now on terra firma, alternately coaxing
 and cursing, my friend the Semi-
 quavering Oyster. He caught sight of me
 just as a particularly vicious jerk swung
 him off his legs.

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SCRAPPLE



Recruit—I know I did it inaccurately; but do you mind correcting me a little less loudly?
 Instructor—What! Why?
 Recruit—That's my office boy on the fence.



Turkey—Sister Hun! Sister Hun! D-d-do you see any body com-
 ing?
 Sister Hun (after a careful look round the Dardanelles)—I think it would be as well to haf ze luggage in zo hall!



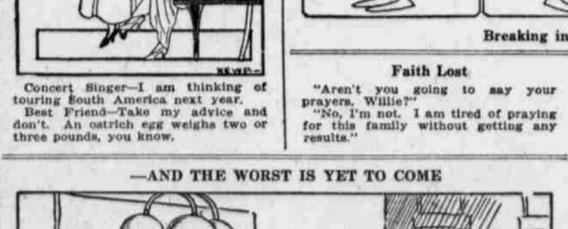
Mr. Catchem—How many make a million?
 Mr. Smart—Very few.



Not Long



What to Expect



Concert Singer—I am thinking of touring South America next year.
 Best Friend—Take my advice and don't. An ostrich egg weighs two or three pounds, you know.



—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



THE PADDED CELL



HURRY DOC, OPERATE ON ME FOR APPENDICITIS! I'LL GIVE YOU \$7,000.00!

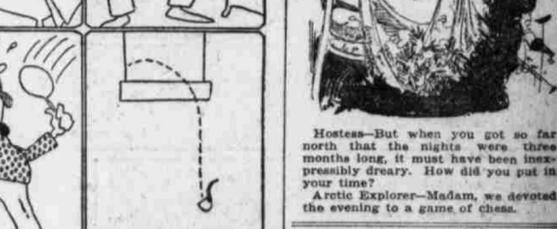
Poo, poo! MY MAN ALL YOU HAVE IS A LITTLE INDIGESTION!



Talking Turkey
 What, asks a rube contributor, shall I do to get even without a fuss with my neighbor, who keeps 30 turkeys that live on my place all the time?
 Get 30 turkeys of your own and raise them. They'll stay over on your neighbor's place continually. No turkey ever boards at home. They always take all their meals out.



Was your father in his right mind when he died?
 "I'll tell you after his will has been read."



A Long Game
 Hostess—But when you got so far north that the nights were three months long, it must have been inexpressibly dreary. How did you put in your time?
 A Retic Explorer—Madam, we devoted the evening to a game of chess.



Accommodating
 "That rube fellow told poor little Miss Homeleigh that he didn't like her face."
 "What did she do?"
 "She changed countenance."—Baltimore American.



THE LAST STRAW
 Doris—Do you love your fiancé?
 Doris—Do you know, I prefer yours.
 Doris—Mine! What an earth can you see in him, I should like to know!



Victor—How many times were you hit?
 Tommy—Only once, boss.
 Victor (disappointed)—What, only once?
 Tommy—Boss, 'ev often did Ier want me to be 'it 'er the cabinet.